

# The Orangeburg News.

GOD AND OUR COUNTRY.

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[COMMUNICATED.]

A new society called the Self-Examining Society should be organized, with such a constitution as is hereby annexed:

Among the many societies established in our country, both political, civil and religious, to extend the principles of christianity, and to create a unity to exist among all classes, and to improve the morals of the people at large. It is a subject of real regret, that while so laudable a goal is manifested, and so much pains taken to remove the mote out of our neighbor's eye, there should be no society formed, no pains taken, to induce men, first, to cast the beam out of their own eye, or, in other words, a society whose end and aim should be to examine our own hearts, and lives, and see if we, ourselves, are not guilty of some habits and vices that need reform, which are equally as bad and detrimental to character as those which we are so ready to discover in our neighbors. This society, it would seem, ought to take the lead of all others; and it should be the first object of our exertion to suppress the follies and vices of mankind. "Physician heal thyself," is an admonition coming from the highest authority, and is applicable to the Scribes and Pharisees now, as it was 1800 years ago. Did the members of our popular societies, as well as others, take half the pains to examine themselves, and correct their own faults, that they do to hunt up and expose the faults and follies of others, how much more like christians and true citizens would they act, how much more happy and peaceable would be the condition of every community and neighborhood. And were a society established, or resolution for self examination determined and carried into effect in this, or any part of the United States, how much less running too and fro, or of members standing in the corners of the streets, or politicians mounted on a platform, or seated to a desk writing out their party's principles, thanking God that they are not like other men.

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE 1. This society shall be known by the name of the Self-examining Society, and shall be composed of members of both sexes, whose hearts and heads are capable of moral improvement.

ART. 2. The object of this Society shall be, while we may see all others, faults to feel and correct our own, to suppress all manner of deceit and hypocrisy, slander and defamation, backbiting and evil speaking, with all that tends to injure or defraud our neighbor, either of his property or character.

ART. 3. This society shall be independent of all other societies. Each member shall be vested with full power and privilege to attend to his own concerns, and he shall make it his own business to mind his own business, and let others alone. And no Presidents, vice Presidents, Secretaries, Spies, Informers, Committees, or Delegates, shall ever be chosen by this society to watch over the conduct of others, or make reports of their neighbor's misdoings, until such a work of charity shall have begun at home.

ART. 4. There shall be no public or private meetings of this society on any appointed day, to manage their concerns, or to hear lectures delivered before it, but it shall be the duty of every member to meet himself every day, and listen to the lectures of his own conscience.

ART. 5. No money shall be raised from time to time, for funds to support this society, nor to circulate self-examining tracts, or self-examining almanacs, or to pay ministers or lawyers for delivering addresses to convince us how much easier it is to examine others than it is to examine ourselves.

ART. 6. Every member of this society shall show due regard to temperance in eating and drinking, and in everything else. But he shall be his own judge what he shall eat, and what he shall drink; and wherewithal, he shall be clothed—while gluttony, drunkenness, tight lacing, fraud and party spirit, shall be left to the gnawing of conscience, with all that popular reproach they deserve, without the benefits of the clergy.

ART. 7. Everything shall be called by its right name; men shall not put bitter for sweet, nor sweet for bitter, nor call for beer when they mean rum, nor for cider or wine when they mean brandy or gin. And no inn-keeper shall put new wine into old bottles, or French brandy for the use of his temperance customers. And no grocer or merchant shall sell

preparations of whiskey for Malaga or Madeira wine, or Croix rum.

ART. 8. Every member of this society shall be allowed to drink tea, or coffee, cold water, or hot water, butter-milk, or lemonade, as suits them best, or to chew or smoke tobacco, or take snuff, when not offensive to the company he is in, without being excommunicated from society, or delivered over to the buffeting of cold water Phrases.

ART. 9. No member of this society shall ever set himself up above his fellows, or seek to establish his own character by blacking his neighbor's good name, thinking to make his own appear the whiter; but it shall be the duty of every one to examine their own hearts and dispositions, and set a double guard against the sin that most easily beset themselves.

ART. 10. This society shall form no christian party in politics and no political party under the name of the self-examining society. It shall have nothing to do with party principles actuated alone by interest, or with the aristocracy of our country, nor shall any religious guide test, or inquisition, council or synod ever be established or countermanded by this society, but every member shall enjoy his own religion, and exercise his own judgment how he shall vote and allow to all others the same liberty he claims for himself, without being pointed at as a heretic, radical or democrat.

ART. 11. Good society shall not be exclusively formed out of the aristocracy of wealth, nor made out of the popularity of swindling speculators, or of civil and religious professions, it shall include the poor who are honest, intelligent and industrious, as well as the rich.

My motive for writing the above, is for the peace, unity, and prosperity of our country, and if strictly observed by each and every individual, ere long, instead of war, bloodshed and want, we will have peace, harmony and plenty in the land. God hasten the time.

FRIEND.

## TWO PORTRAITS.

A life ill-spent. Who has not known one such in the course of their existence? How easy is the earth-weary, disappointed, ever-reckoning look to be detected in the face of one whose life has been ill-spent? None who once caught a glimpse of Henri Sellier could doubt that his past life had been one of wretched disappointment, and that his present life, was one of bitter retrospection of the past. At the age of thirty-three he sat in his apartments, in an obscure street in Paris, without a friend in the world, or the means of making any. He was a portrait painter by profession, but without influence and with little ambition. At the early age of fourteen he had been compelled to work for his and his mother's daily bread; by perseverance he, when sixteen, was enabled to give his mother what he termed luxuries, but what people in better circumstances would have considered but bare necessities of life—a comfortable bed in a cozy room and sufficient to eat—he was then as happy as possible, when returning home one day to his dinner, he found his mother dead. From that moment he ceased to care for himself; all he undertook he failed in; his employers all blamed him; he blamed fate, and thus for seventeen years he existed, too indifferent to do good or evil—fully persuaded that he was one of God's unfortunates, and that to alter his destiny he should have to conquer the world.

He had always possessed ability for painting, and it was just after the death of his mother that he took a fancy to it, and the wish to paint a picture of her urged him to study; the result was, at the end of six months he produced a most perfect picture of his mother; but as no one had ever seen her, his genius was unacknowledged, and once more he gave up in despair, and for years neglected his art. He traveled from place to place, arriving at each place without a cent. One thing he never neglected, the cultivation of his mind. He educated himself on every learnable subject, and, finally, having acquired all the knowledge possible, he dropped study, and without any settled purpose he went to Paris, his birth-place. The gaiety for a time drove away his melancholy, and in one of his joyous moods he became possessed of the idea to once more turn to his art. He at once, with the very small sum of money he had, hired two rooms—one he made a studio, of the

other his bed-room. Not a picture was visible in either room, nor was there the slightest item to indicate the artist about either room; except a plate on the door with the words, "Henri Sellier, portrait painter," engraved upon it. For two weeks he had been installed in his studio, waiting for what evidently was not going to come—a customer. In two weeks more his rent would be due, and it was this fact that he was meditating over when the door opened and a lady, deeply veiled, timidly entered. Of course Henri rose instantly, but to astonishment at the unexpected visit of a lady to be the first to speak.

"Will monsieur show me the way to the studio of Monsieur Sellier?"

"Madame is at present in that place."

"Then you, I presume, are Monsieur Sellier."

"Madame, I am."

"Are you a good portrait painter?"

"Yes," quietly rejoined Henri.

"By whose verdict pronounced such, might I inquire?"

"Ahem! My own solely, madame."

"Could I see a specimen of your painting?"

"I have but one portrait here at present, having just arrived. I will show it to you; but pray be seated."

The lady looked first at the door, then at Henri, and finally at the proffered chair, in which, after a moment's hesitation, she sat. Henri placed a footstool before her—an action which somewhat amused the lady, and caused her to laugh audibly; Henri, very much puzzled at her merriment, knew not what to say. The truth was, he had never done the slightest office for any lady but his mother, and her comfort was a footstool. Henri, forgetting the age and weakness of his mother, and never having been thrown in contact with any other woman, fancied, of course, that to one and all were the same things necessary and agreeable. The pause that followed his action was most awkward, and was likely to be a long one, had not the lady risen suddenly, apparently with the intention of going.

"Pardon, madame, I would show you the picture."

"At once, then, I am in haste."

In another moment Henri had produced from some remote corner of the room, his mother's picture, and held it up to his visitor, who raised her veil.

"How beautiful!"

"Wonderfully beautiful!" exclaimed Henri.

"I see monsieur is a most enthusiastic admirer of himself, and not without cause, for certainly the painting is very artistic, the resemblance of the portrait I cannot, of course, judge of. Who is it?"

"My mother."

"Pardon my rude remark, monsieur, I well understand your admiration."

"Worse and worse," thought Henri, whose exclamation had been caused by the more than human beauty of the lady.

To paint her picture would be more pleasure than Henri had ever thought to experience in his life.

"I wish you to paint my picture as carefully as this is done. I will come to-morrow, and sit as often and long as necessary. I will pay you any sum you name to have as fine a picture as this, and I wish it at the end of two months. Will you do it?"

"With all the pleasure in the world; and to-morrow, if agreeable, I will name for the first sitting."

"At what hour will you be disengaged?" inquired the lady, preparing to go.

"At any hour—I mean after 1"—added Henri, remembering it would not do to confess his time all his own to a stranger.

"Then at 2."

"At 2."

"Good morning monsieur."

"Good morning, madame."

"Who and what is she? Evidently some one with plenty of money and nothing to do," soliloquized Henri.

"What beauty! For the first time I feel enthusiasm in my art; would to-morrow were here," which to-morrow arrived in due course of time, and with it the lady.

"You see I am punctual, monsieur."

"For which I thank you, madame."

Before we commence, I think it but right to explain my coming to you alone, and somewhat mysteriously. I am Mlle. Hassan, the daughter of Doctor Hassan, of whom you may have heard. We are the only two surviving members of our family, and what I do is very difficult to conceal from my father. I wish to sur-

prise him with a picture of myself on his birth-day, which comes, strange to say, on the same day as mine. If I went—pardon me—to any artist well known, some of my friends would be sure to find it out; and unless I surprise him, I would not care to give him the portrait. Now you know what I think was but right you should know, and if you are ready, we will proceed."

"Henri was bewildered and charmed by the innocent manner in which she explained what to his mind was entirely unnecessary. How he wished he had a dozen portraits of her to paint, and that she would sit for them all.

The arrangements were soon made, and both were in their respective positions. The position was so new to both that for some time they were both greatly embarrassed. Henri was a fine-looking man, and excessively fascinating in manner. Mademoiselle Hassan was young and beautiful, and, naturally, both facts did not pass unnoticed by either of them.

"My I talk?" inquired mademoiselle.

"To be sure; the more natural you are the better the portrait will be."

"But I am not naturally a chatterbox."

"You misunderstand me."

"No; I but jest."

A long silence followed the permission to talk.

"Is not mademoiselle tired?" Henri inquired, at the end of an hour.

"Yes; very. Won't that do for to-day?"

"Certainly; I can continue alone."

"This is odd; but I will come early to-morrow, and stay ever so long. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Helene Hassan's friends would doubtless have censured her for her conduct, but there would have been more harm in their censure than was dreamed of by Helene in her action. Henri was lost in admiration after her departure, when a knock roused him from his reverie. Turning, he beheld a gentleman standing, hat in hand; he was a man about fifty, possessed of a remarkably womanly countenance, and Henri was struck with the idea that he had somewhere seen his face before.

"Are you Monsieur Sellier?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"I wish to have my portrait painted. I wish you to devote all your care and attention to it. I intend it for a surprise, instead of going to some of the artist of the day. Let me see a specimen."

Again was Henri's mother produced, and again did it produce perfect satisfaction.

"When shall I come?"

"To-morrow, at 4."

"I am a physician, and can spare but little time. Here is my card."

Henri took the card, bowed his visitor out, and then looked at the card in his hand. What was his amazement to read—"Duran Hassan, Physician, Rue —"

"This is an adventure, and a perplexing one. My life begins to be a little less monotonous. How I long to be rich. I should—well, make a fool of myself, I dare say."

The next day, Mlle. Hassan came earlier than expected.

"I am going to remain two hours. Is that not nice? You can do a great deal in that time."

"Likewise yourself, mademoiselle."

"How?"

"You give me pleasure; for it is a great pleasure to talk to you."

"Thank you. You are the first one to make the discovery, except papa; but then he takes pleasure even in looking at me."

"You are very fond of each other?"

"Fond is too cold a word; we are all the world to each other."

"What happiness!"

"Greater than you imagine."

A pause followed and then Helene abruptly asked:

"Have you been an artist all your life?"

"No."

"Is it pleasant to be one?"

"All things are alike to me."

"You have a happy disposition."

"On the contrary—a most unhappy one."

"I am so sorry."

"Thank you."

"Do you paint many pictures?"

"Yours will be the second I have painted in my life."

"And if it is good, you shall come home with it when it is done, and papa will get you lots of people who want lots of portraits."

"You are very good."

"If I am, it is an easy thing to be when I am surrounded by so much goodness at home. Will you come?"

"Your father would be displeased."

"At anything I do? How absurd."

"Then I will come."

"And now I shall go; it is almost 4."

"What!" exclaimed Henri.

"I knew I should trespass on your time."

"This afternoon I confess you do."

"Pardon me for it, and you must promise to tell me when I do so again."

"I will."

This time Helene extended her hand when she left, much to Henri's rapture.

What an angel she is," thought Henri.

"Poor artist, I wish I could help him to fame. He is very handsome."

Scarcely had Helene entered her carriage when her father arrived, even before Henri could conceal all trace of his work.

"Monsieur is occupied in painting. Might I see the portrait?"

"I dislike to refuse, but I have an objection to showing my work unfinished."

"As you wish. And now let's to work, my time is precious."

"You are in a very obscure part of Paris. Your talent will not be appreciated here."

"I know it, but—"

"Cannot help it, I presume. The old story, an artist, and poor, of course."

"Monsieur—"

"There, don't fly into a passion. I was once much poorer than you are, until a friend took a fancy to, and an interest in me. He lived to see me prosper, then died, leaving me his wealth. I have taken a fancy to you, and will assist you. I will be the same friend to you, with the exception that I shall not die if I can possibly avoid it. You shall come to my house when my portrait is finished, and I will introduce you to some newspaper men, a few old fogies, and some famous but undeserving dabblers in the same profession you follow."

"I shall be most grateful."

"First, are you worthy? I mean, are you educated and single?"

"Both."

"The first is essential, the second is preferable, for all artists, when poor, marry uncongenial, unappreciative women, and when they become rich—if they ever do with such wives—they see their mistake, seek to remedy it, and make matters worse. They fall in love with some one they can't marry, for the reason that they have married some one they can't love."

"Your arguments are odd, but forcible."

"Facts, my friend, as you will notice as you rise."

At the end of that hour Monsieur Hassan took his departure, after conversation in which he had touched upon almost every subject, to test the quality of Henri's mind and education. The result was he was delighted, and only wished he could at once assist him; but he must first see his picture. If he had no talent he would make something else of him.

Henri feared to be sanguine, for had not everything failed him, and just at the moment of realization?

Weeks flew by, each day bringing his two visitors, and each day he lost a portion of his heart to Helene, and felt stronger friendship for her father—books were sent to him, costly pictures decorated his wall and with each gift came the words, "do not try to guess the donor," written on a card. Of course Henri felt convinced Monsieur Hassan was his good angel, and knowing him to be somewhat eccentric, he refrained with great effort from mentioning them to him. Finally came the day of the last sitting. Helene was charmed, and was as ecstatic over her picture as a child over a doll.

"Now, when will it come home?" To-day is Monday, and on Friday is papa's birth-day—you are to come too, remember."

"It will be impossible for me to accept your kind invitation."

"Impossible!" and the very cheeks of Helene became pale for an instant. "I thought you cared to come."

"I have promised to dine with a gentleman on that day."

"Oh! very day."

"Would it please you more were I to come?"

"Oh! yes, so much—and papa, too," replied Helene, with down-cast eyes.

"Then I shall be there."

"I would like to—to—"

"What?"

"Pay you for the picture now."

"I shall not name a price until I see if it pleases."

"Really?"

"Really."

"It is such a good resemblance, papa will go wild over it. Suppose you come on Friday morning at —"

"1 o'clock."

"Just the time."

"Now I shall go. I may stop in to-morrow to see how it looks when it is dry."

"I would prefer you would not."

"You are frank."

"Would I could be."

"Then, on Friday. Good-bye," and this time Helene extended both her hands.

At the usual hour, Monsieur Hassan arrived.

"Well, Henri, you are a genius, I find; you are a true artist; you make a most pleasing portrait, and yet you do not flatter," observed monsieur, after the usual greeting.

"You think, then, I can successfully follow my art?"

"Beyond question."

"I shall name my own price for this picture. Here it is, fifty pounds."

"You are too generous."

"That is a workman, Henri. No more such nonsense."

"Then thank you, gratefully, friend."

"All right, Henri. Now, don't forget Friday. I have hosts of persons invited, the greatest pot pourri of humanity you can imagine. Come early—until then, au revoir."

It seemed centuries to Henri until Friday, but it did come at last, and before Henri could collect his many different thoughts, he found himself, a picture under each arm, inquiring for Monsieur Hassan at his palatial mansion.

He will be in in ten minutes, but mademoiselle is expecting a gentleman, probably you are he."

"Yes, I am Monsieur Sellier."

"Mademoiselle is in her father's study, where I have orders to conduct you."

Helene met Henri at the door, and welcomed him most warmly.

"Come in quick, papa is out, and we will just have time to arrange my surprise," eagerly said Helene, leading the way into the study, and not hearing Henri instruct the servant to give Monsieur Hassan a parcel he handed to him, when he returned.

"We are going to have so much company for dinner—the very thing for the display of my picture. I was so fearful that you would not come."

"You need not have feared on that subject."

"See, I procured this stand for the portrait, and see how nicely it suits. Listen, I hear papa, and now for such fun."

"You naughty child, to hide here from me," spoke Monsieur Hassan, before he entered the room.

"I want to surprise you. Here, papa, is my present to you."

"Your portrait—impossible!" Here Monsieur Hassan burst into a most unnecessary as (Helene thought) fit of laughter, which ended in an exclamation of surprise when his eyes fell on Henri.

"You here."

"Papa, that is the artist that painted my picture—Monsieur Sellier."

"Helene, you have, indeed, surprised me. Here is my present to you, and there is the author of it."

"Your picture, papa, and painted by—"

"My young friend, Henri, whom I have invited here to dinner, and whom I am going to do all in my power to advance. Have I your approval?"

"It is for that I asked him here, too, papa."

Then followed explanations between father and daughter, during which time Henri busied himself in arranging both pictures side by side.

"You see Monsieur Sellier, how much papa and I are to each other; we even think alike."

"Not quite, if I am any judge, Helene."

"Why, papa?"

"Because I like Henri very much."

"And so do I."

"No; you love him and he loves you."

"Monsieur!"

"Papa!" exclaimed Henri and Helene together.

"Am I not right?"

Of course, silence was the only an-

swer Monsieur Hassan received, or expected.

"Henri," continued he, "I will give you something to work for. Henri, if you prove all I expect and feel you will—she is yours. Am I free to give you Helene?"

"To Henri, yes."

"This is no new idea of mine. I thought if I could find such a man as you, Henri, to love and protect Helene, I should die happy. You have saved me much bother by already falling in love with each other, and I am not less happy than you both. I will leave you now for ten minutes, at the end of which time I shall expect you both downstairs."

It is useless to repeat what passed between Henri and Helene in these ten minutes; it was the "old story," told sincerely by both.

Two years after, her eighteenth birthday, Helene was married to Henri. He was fast attaining fame, his wife over by his side, assisting him more by her gentle devotion and timely given advice than if she had painted all his portraits for him. For years he continued his art, until at length his wife persuaded him that there were so many little portraits of his at home that needed his attention, that he relinquished his art, and devoted the remainder of his life to his children, and never were they so happy as when he would tell them, as they grew up, the oft-repeated story of the romance of his love.

In Richmond is a negro who, eighteen years ago, bought his freedom of his master, and working hard, early and late, soon was able to buy his wife. He has been prospering since, and he now owns the finest livery stable and hackstand in the State, and is said to be worth \$50,000. His old master, when Lee evacuated Richmond, in April, 1865, was worth \$500,000. Thousands upon thousands were destroyed by fire, money went this way and that, and not long after he came back to Richmond, broken in spirit, ruined in property, and tired of his troublesome life. His old slave found him, took him to his house, gave him the best medical skill that money could buy, and every luxury. Present